EAST AND WEST SERIES

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T. L. VASWANI

EAST AND WEST SERIES

[An Interpreter of the Life of the Spirit]

SERVANTS OF SIND

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The "East and West Series" seeks to spread the message of the saints and sages, the prophets and *rishis* of Humanity. They have appeared in all ages. They have sanctified both East and West.

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IMPORTANT

Once again we offer our readers an apology for having been irregular in issuing the "Series." The current issue is for the month of July, 1963. We have not been able to publish issues for the two months, May and June, 1963. Subscribers will kindly note that their subscription period will accordingly be extended by two months. Thus if, for instance, a subscription should have expired in July 1963, it will be carried forward to the month of September 1963, and so on.

—The Manager

WHAT THEY WRITE TO US

Enclosed M. O. for £ 2, as a small token of our gratitude and love for you all.

The booklet "Jesus" (No. 75) is certainly one of the Master's great jewels and once again helps to cement all of us more closely together in love and understanding.

The tragedy is that so few Christians know anything about the other great religions of the world, and often all too little about their own, for intolerance and condemnation have no place in the mind or heart of the real Christian. How far we have all wandered from the "Dwelling place of the Most High"!

It is the Illumined Ones, such as Beloved Dadaji, who are pouring forth "Light" into these dark places, showing us more clearly the footsteps that we all must tread,—the roadway of "Love." Not just thinking about it, but "Love in action." And this he demonstrates, moment by moment, in his everyday life.

All of the East and West publications are filled with this "Light,"—and radiate the consciousness of the Master who writes them. It is, indeed, a joy and a privilege to receive them.

Dr. K. M. Williams
Tasmania

I do wish to thank you for the wonderful upliftment I have received from reading the inspired pages of your "East and West Series." They give true knowledge and enlightenment, also beauty and spiritual grace. May your great work ever be blessed and your light continue to radiate unto all countries!

(Miss) Nola Greig
New Zealand

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This issue : 50 nP. or 1s. or 30 cents

SADHU HIRANAND :
Teacher and Saint

JAMSHED NUSSERWANJI :
Prophet of the Poor

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FOREWORD

In the chaos of contemporary life in Bharata, I think of Beloved Sind as she was in the day I lived and moved in her midst, many years ago. A few of her truly great ones I think of, again and again, with love and reverence. Of some of them only I speak a few words in this number of the "East and West Series." Of some more I may speak some other day.

The first truly great one of Sind is the Poet-saint whose anniversary is being celebrated in Sind. A few words only of love and reverence I write concerning him, today. Much I hope to write of him in some other number of the "Series." A creator he was of new stories and legends,—a creator who revealed real life in the beauty of the stories which have been sung by his countrymen for generations. He was happy in the rich vitality of his stories which the common man still sings in Sind. And in every story he sang was a lesson of life. Therefore, are his poems animated by the dynamic soul of literature. Shah Latif was a poet and a saint.

Of another, too, I speak. He was Sadhu Hiranand,—a teacher and a saint. Hiranand was a college student at Calcutta when he started a Students' Union which he called "Eagle's Nest." The students were rightly called "birds" by him. Did he remember the words of Jesus :—"Look at the birds! They save not for the morrow. Yet they get their daily food and are happy! And they have wings with which they fly upwards."

When Hiranand returned from Calcutta to Hyderabad and became a teacher in the "Academy," which he started for students, he taught us, in his simple way, of the three

supreme energies of life :—(1) fellowship with the poor and broken ones; (2) reverent communion with the mystery of the Earth, the Sun and the Stars and with the Saints and Heroes of Humanity; and (3) love for little children.

Shri Bhagwansing is another of whom I write. Both Hiranand and Bhagwansing taught the supreme value of compassion and sympathy with the poor. We talk of democracy. There is something better than democracy, and that is fellowship, compassion. Today, the world is dancing on a volcano. Today, the nations feel proud of their nuclear weapons and of space ships. Today, there is a scramble for atomic weapons. Today, alas! the nations are sinking deeper and deeper into savagery. Today, we need to meditate on the simple words of Sadhu Hiranand and Brother Bhagwansing :—"The secret of life is compassion, service."

Yet another I speak of was the great Parsi patriot,—Jamshed Nusserwanji,—whom I call a "Prophet of the poor."

July 14 is sacred to the memory of Sadhu Hiranand, and July 3 is the day sacred to the memory of Shams-ul-Ulema Mirza Kalich Beg. The Kalich High School at Hyderabad celebrated the day with enthusiasm.

The profound teaching of Shah Latif and Sadhu Hiranand, of Bhagwansing and Jamshed was :—Meditate on the love of God and give, give, give to the poor and needy. Give and grow in the life beautiful!

These great Sindhis gave to the poor and forgot to whom they gave. I recall the story of a rich widow in England who gave, every month, for the food and clothing of a poor girl in India. And everyday she prayed :—"O Lord ! bless her! I forget her name. Thou knowest! bless her and keep her happy!"

T. L. VASWANI

THE LAND OF DERVISHES

SIND is become a part of Pakistan. I live, physically, in Bharata : and hidden in my heart is love for India's culture. But I cannot forget Sind. Not a day has passed when I have not meditated on her. Great is she in her traditions. My regret is her sons and daughters know her not.

Ancient is the history of Sind.

The text-books taught in our schools err when they teach that the history of Sind begins with the Arab invasion of Sind in the eighth century. The history of Sind begins with the story of the Mohen-jo-dero civilisation,—one of the oldest civilisations in the East.

How many know that long before Greece led Europe in culture and political life, there was in Sind an amazing civilisation ? "Mohen-jo-dero," says Sir John Marshall, "represents the oldest of all civilisations."

How many of the Sindhis know that Sumerians derived their culture from Sind ?

How many know that Sind had a share in checking Alexander's march in India?

How many remember that once Sind carried on commerce with Rome and Greece, with Asia Minor, Babylonia and Egypt?

How many know that Sind sent out her sons to colonise Java?

How many know that the Buddha blessed Sind by his meditations and personal teaching?

How many are aware of the fact that her doctors and men of culture influenced the Khalifa's Court at Baghdad and the Arabs who carried the torch of culture to medieval Universities in Europe?

How many of the Sindhis have a correct idea of the ruins of Mohen-jo-dero on the Western bank of the Indus?

How many know that Sind was famous once for ship-building? Sind's work, indeed, was so good that the Sultan of Constantinople preferred to have his vessels built in Sind (and Bengal) rather than in Alexandria.

How many know that Raja Bhartrihari, renouncing his palace, lived in meditation in an *asrama* on the Sindhu bank?

Has not the Sindhu given her sacred name to India,—the land of the Indus? The word "Hindu" is but a disguised form of the word "Sindhu."

And did not the Vedic *rishis* chant their sacred hymns on the banks of the Sindhu? Their one mark is a noble simplicity. The Vedic hymns are a "chapter" in the education of the human race. The world's oldest hymns were chanted in Sind : and some of the most thrilling songs of which Humanity has a record,—the lyrics of the Sufi faith,—were they not sung on the classic soil of Sind?

Sacred to the Hindu are the two great rivers of Bharata,—the Ganges and the Jamuna. The first river represents *gnana,* wisdom, knowledge : on the banks of the Ganges dwelt the *rishis* and meditated in the *tapobanas,*—the forests, developing the inward power of intuition and adoring *Satyam* (Truth) as God. In these *tapobanas,*—the forests of *tapasya,*—were taught the great truths enshrined in the Upanishads to students whose one aspiration was to be pure and to shine as shines the moon.

If the Ganges represents *gnana,* wisdom, does not the Jamuna represent *bhakti* or devotion? On the banks of the Jamuna were taught the "Braja Lila" by Shyama, and the *bhakti* of Radha and the *gopis.* Not without reason are sacred to the millions of India the Ganges and the Jamuna.

To the Hindus of Sind the river Indus,—Sindhu,—is dear, even if Destiny has forced many of them to wander outside Sind.

The history of Sind is, I submit, a part of the history of India : the "partition" is a political blunder and will, I trust, give way to the supreme fact of Unity.

India is one, yet three-fold. There is (1) the India of the cities,—the India of politics and commerce. It is an India dominated by the West. There is (2) the India of the hill and forest peoples. It is an India which moves in the traditions of the pre-civilisation era. And there is (3) the India of the villages. The history of Sind is related to the India of the village-folk.

The Sindhu civilisation was an independent civilisation, the peer of the civilisations of Egypt and Babylonia. It claims to be the basis of much of Indian culture. Sir John Marshall rightly points out that the Indus (Sindhu) civilisation is bound up with the "cults of Siva and the Mother Goddess."

At one time Sind stretched as far as Kashmir. The Sindhi *rajas* (kings) were the Chohans and Sodas who were descended from Prithvi Raj.

Huen Tsang and other Chinese travellers referred to India as "Sindhu" or "Shin-du," the "Land of the Indus." To Huen Tsang India was a "sacred land." It was the land of the Buddha and the *Dhamma* and of the Bodhi-Tree. Huen Tsang spoke of India as a "land of gold and silver and copper" and he referred to Sind as the "land of villages,"—land of agriculture and village-industries.

In the eighth century A. D., Baghdad was famous as the centre of a refined culture and civilisation in the East. In the Baghdad Court were Hindu scientists from Sind,—deeply versed in Sanskrit and astronomy. The Sanskrit book, named the *Brahma Sidhanta*, influenced the Arabs.

It is significant that the last Hindu king of Sind was called the "*Desh Pita*" or the "Father of the People." The peasant was, in that period of our history, the owner of the soil; the Government collected rent and protected the life and property of the peasant.

Today the genius of Sind lies concealed in the life of a modern city like Karachi. The genius is revealed in the quiet, simple life of the village-folk. The spinning-wheel is nothing new to the Sindhi villager. Sindhi women in the villages still use it.

European travellers to Sind, half a century ago, spoke admiringly of the "stout Sindhi." Today, the Sindhi villager is weak : ill-fed, ill-clad, he drags on! Yet he has not lost faith in God.

And the village-folk have still something of the primitive man's love of music and song. I heard, one day, a Marwari sing a song from the Sindhi poet, Shah Latif. It sang of the yearning of the beautiful maid, Marui, asking the ruling Chief to set her free that she might return to her own people. Full of the passion of freedom was that Marwari singer. He saw me listening to the song with unspoken admiration. He paused for a minute, then said :— "Matchless in music is Shah Latif!"

How many in beloved Bharata know of this great Poet, Latif? How many know that he is the king of Sindhi hearts?

A fine tribute was paid to Sind by a Muslim who was not a Sindhi. I met him sometime ago : he learnt that I was a Sindhi. An old man, he exclaimed with emotion :—"I have a mind to see Sind."

"Why?" I asked.

"Sind," he said, "is the land of God's dervishes!"

The words ring in my ears :—"Sind is the land of God's dervishes!"

I know not if the yearning for the Vanished Face the

longing of the human soul for the Beloved, the love that bears the cross with a cry of exultation have, in any of the literatures of beloved Bharata, been expressed in a loftier, nobler verse than in the lyrics of Sindhi poets. Yet the Sindhi language has no place in the list of languages recognised in the Constitution of free India! The heart of Sindhi literature cries to Bharata :—

"Give me a place, O Mother!
That I, too, may sing
In union with India's many tongues,
And enrich the music of India's soul,
As before!"

Let every Sindhi learn Hindi, but let him not neglect Sindhi. It is the language of poets and *dervishes*. The Sindhi language has been the inspiration of Sindhi life. The tongue of Latif and Sachal, of Sa'mi and Bedil is sacred to the Sindhi heart. To be cut off from the Sindhi language is to be severed from the Great Tree of our Life.

Consider the fact that for a century Sufi songs in Sindhi language have been woven into the life of the Sindhi people. To be cut off from your language and your literature, O Sindhi people! will be to be uprooted from life itself. These Sufi songs flow from fountains of the Wisdom of the pure in heart! Their light is from a realm beyond the earth, a sphere higher than the stars.

Listen to some of the notes of the Sindhi language, one of the most lyrical languages of our country:—

Hate not any man!
For know that there is not a man
Who hath not his hour and his star!

*

Divide not thyself

Against thy Community and thy Race!

*

Forget not that God, the Eternal,
Is a God of the poor,
The simple and the broken ones!

*

Fear not!
Weep not!
But hope in the Ancient of Days!

*

One by one they come :
Endless are the waves!
They come,—O, how quick,—
From the depths of the Sea!
Awake, then,
And be on thy guard,
Lest these white waves
Overwhelm thee,
O slumbering one!
O forgetful one!

*

I swear by the Lord,
The Face of the Beloved
Is the most lovely of all.
And when He,—the Beloved,—walks,
The Earth herself doth sing :—
"In the Name of God,
One, Only One,
Al-Rahman, the Compassionate!"

*

Across the Sea that stretches on,—
The Sea of Life,—
No one with "I" as guide
Hath moved

Out of darkness into Light!

*

One breath of benediction
From the Beloved's lips
Is better than a thousand lives!

*

I fain would yield my life
When I have seen the Beloved!
Not yet have I met Him,
And thou, O Sun! art sinking to thy rest!
Behold! My body burns,
And parched am I with thirst
For Thee, Beloved!

*

Far, far thou still dost wander far!
When, lo! the Beloved is at thy door!
Wander thou no more!
O Sasui! Return! Return,
And see thy Loved One
Is on thy very floor!
Behold! the Beloved resides in thee!
Why go afar? Him thou searchest far!
Wilt thou not see Him here, within?
Search within thine Heart,
O Sasui! and let they wanderings cease!

*

If Thou, Beloved! wilt but touch
This iron "I," I should be "gold" refined!
Thou Giver art of gifts:
The rest but wandering beggars be!
If Thou, Beloved!
Wouldst to my cottage come,
All wealth would I gain,—
The wealth of all the worlds,—

Of all the suns and stars!

*

"Man is My secret,
And I am his!"
Saith He, the Lord of Life!
Here, in very truth,
Doth lie the key to the Mysteries of Life!

*

By dying, live!
So mayst thou know
The Beauty of the Beloved!
If thou wilt die before thy death,
Thou wilt not be by death subdued!
Who in Eternal Life doth live,
Before he cometh here to live,
From age to age will live, indeed!
Nor will he die again who dies
Before the "dying" comes to him!

*

Is there not, in these simple songs of the rustic folk of Sind, the authentic voice of hope and healing to a broken India and a bleeding civilisation?

SADHU HIRANAND : TEACHER AND SAINT

BRIEF and beautiful was his earth-life. It was a life devoted to the service of the people of Sind.

I saw Sadhu Hiranand many years ago. I sat at his feet to learn what he taught in his simple, homely way. Stories he gave us and lessons in history and poems and, above all, the great poem of his life. It was a life full of tender grace and beauty and love.

Born on 23rd of March, 1863, Hiranand passed away on 14th July, 1893. I was a school-boy then. I felt then, as I feel now, that to know him was a benediction.

His patriotism was of the purest type. He loved the poor and served the sick with singular devotion. And he realised that in daily prayer was given the power to serve. He realised, too, that worship was incomplete without service of the poor. This synthesis made his life beautiful.

He lived no more than thirty years. He served Sind for a few years only. They were years abundantly blessed. Born in Hyderabad-Sind, he died in Bihar. His was the life of an humble soul. There are men who shine as meteors and pass away. Hiranand's life shines with a steady light.

YOUNG men pass University examinations and seek big jobs. Young men are out for "careers." Sadhu Hiranand consecrated his talent not to a career but to a cause.

Not many know that the two saints of India, Sri Ramakrishna and Sri Keshab Chandra Sen, loved and blessed Hiranand. It was Hiranand's privilege to shampoo Ramakrishna and rub his body with oil for bath and serve him in other ways.

"How far is your home from Bengal?" asked Ramakrishna.

And Hiranand said :—"Two thousand and two hundred miles away!"

And the saint said in his child-like way :—"So there are God's *bhaktas* even so far off! Blessed be God ! "

Yes,—Hiranand was a *bhakta* of God. The word "*bhakta*" comes from a word which means "broken." A *bhakta* is he whose heart is broken for the broken ones. Hiranand's heart moved out to the sad and weary. There met me, many years ago, a blind girl whom Hiranand had taught. And she said to me :—"Hiranand was my hope. He is gone. To whom shall I go?" A poor Muslim heard of Hiranand's death and said :—"Hiranand blessed me. Who will bless me now?"

Hiranand kept a "Diary" in the "Eagle's Nest" in Calcutta. He writes in the "Diary" :—"May I, O Lord! be Thy true child !" In another passage in the "Diary," he writes :—"Christ's law of love is superior to Moses' law of force." Sadhu Hiranand shaped his life in the light of the Law of Love. Sadhu Hiranand was a servant of Love.

By temperament Hiranand loved silence and solitude. In his heart was a longing for communion with God. He, also, mingled with men : for he longed to serve his people.

Goethe taught that the formative factors of life were these two :—(1) "solitude"; and (2) "torrent of the world." "Talent," he said, "forms itself in solitude; character in the torrent of the world." Mingling with his people, Hiranand grew in that non-sectarian spirit, that "openness" which, Goethe rightly says, "wins the very heart of God." "No man is lost upon an open Road."

Hiranand loved the poor and served the sick with singular devotion. Not without reason was the "Leper Asylum"

at Mangha Pir (Karachi) associated with Hiranand's name. And Hiranand realised that in daily meditation and prayer was given the power to serve.

There is within you a centre of that creative culture which links man with God, Nature and History, and which blends music and art with crafts and literature. Hiranand realised, too, that worship was incomplete without service of the poor and love of the little ones.

Hiranand's "Academy" gave him an opportunity to enrich his life with "the wealth of childhood." And Hiranand taught the youths of his land to stand on their own feet, to see with their own eyes, to rely on themselves, and on the ideals of the truly great ones of Humanity.

I regard him as one of the truly great ones of modern India. He was the Head of the "Union Academy,"—one of the biggest schools in the Bombay Presidency : but he took not a rupee for his work. In his system of education there was a place for music, for art, for physical training, for religion. He found that the education which the youths received was vague and incoherent : it made them undecided : it excited desires : it did not awaken aspirations for the divine values of life.

He taught his pupils to express life. He trained them not by repression but through the spiritual power of suggestion, sympathy, love, and reverence. And the one thought he impressed on us, in many ways, was that education was a training in the service of society. Is not the great lesson of world-history this, that knowledge is for social ends?

Hiranand's educational creed may be expressed in a few words thus :—"Be true to thine own self, to thy society and to humanity." Religion was an integral part of Hiranand's educational ideal : but by religion he did not mean a creed, a theology, a rite, or a ceremony.

Reverence, Hiranand taught, was the secret of religion,

reverence for the Infinite who manifests Himself in parents and teachers, in forms around us, in the Earth that gives us corn, in the Sun that gives us heat, and in the Stars that teach us humility. Hiranand taught, too, that religion was reverence for the poor and lowly, and for birds and animals.

And Hiranand said to us :—"Have reverence, too, for yourself : for deep within you is the Self that is divine!"

HIRANAND initiated a renaissance in Sind. It has, alas! been arrested. There is need of a new renaissance of education. Bharata and Sind,—each has grown "bigger" since his day : but is it "better"? Knowledge has grown, but does it help us to "escape" or "conquer" sorrow? Has not the "partition" of India meant more suffering for the Hindus,—more suffering for the Muslims? There is need of teachers who would serve society and build it in a spiritual ideal through communion with great characters, with the great minds and hearts of the world. Such teachers, not buildings and creeds, make a school truly vital and an instrument of the true International Ideal.

Goethe puts in the mouth of Faust the words :—"What from the world have I to gain? Thou must renounce! Renounce!" Hiranand practised "renunciation,"—in joy! With joy he went to serve the patients in the hospital. With joy he nursed the cholera-stricken patients and healed them. With joy he met poor women and widows to help and heal them. With joy he nursed his dear duaghter, day by day and night after night, until he himself caught the fatal fever and died at the early age of thirty. With joy he mingled with students and young men. "To live is to be happy," he said. "Life is a blessing."

His life in Sind was not lent him on easy terms. He was

misunderstood, as pioneers often are. But he did not flinch in his loyalty to the ideal.

He started the "Academy" for training the Sindhi youth. Several spoke ill of it. I remember when I joined it, it was said that the school was a half-way house to Christianity! He organised a "Band of Hope" : and as it led processions through the streets and bazars of Hyderabad, some jeered at him, some threw stones and mud at him. Some fashionable gentlemen, drunk with pride, fancied he was wasting time and perverting the youth. He worked on "with heart within and God overhead."

His whole heart went out in sympathy to girls and women. He yearned to do something for them. He wished to begin with the education of girls. He desired to set an example. He proposed to send his girl to Bankipur for education. He was opposed in his own house. He worked on alone, anxious to be loyal to the ideal, not thinking of the fruit.

A wave of atheism was passing over Hyderabad. A few under-graduates of the College, smitten with passion for novelty, confessed the creed of atheism. Hiranand opened a series of discourses on the Spiritual Ideal. He stemmed the tide of atheism.

Hiranand was unconscious of his greatness. His quiet character created deep impression on those who came in contact with him. Humility was the secret of the capacity he had of awakening love. Armed with humility, he overcame opposition. He outlived hostility. There is profound philosophy in the words of St. Thomas of Aquinas:— "If you would raise on high the edifice of holiness, take humility for your foundation."

Hiranand was known for his simplicity. He was born in one of the noblest families of Sind : he rejoiced "in deep and simple things" and had no "hankering after glitterings." His simplicity was an expression of humility.

Of Hiranand we may say what Shelley said of himself :— "He was the friend of the unfriended poor." Hiranand was the prince with the great heart, concerning whom we read, in the *Mahabharata*, that he would not enter Paradise alone, but only in the company of his brothers and sisters. And Hiranand discerned the truth that he could not give himself rest when his brothers and sisters were in poverty and pain.

THE pure spirit of religion penetrated Hiranand. Spirituality was the flaming light of his idealism. He had the love of interior life. He would often return to quiet corners in his house, school or the "mandir," to practise the presence of God. His "Diary" is a running commentary on his spirit of self-examination and self-recollection.

Here are a few extracts from the "Diary" :—

I feel no pain, neither do I feel joy. When shall I reach that state when my whole frame shall testify to the happiness of human life, when the breath that I draw shall whisper to all that to live is to be happy, that life with all its painful accompaniments is worth living? 'Tis an abominable lie to say that man is born to misery.

*

Some sacred joy uplifts me. What is it? It is a feeling that there is enough room in the wide world. Only let me strive to secure my seat.

*

What do you mean to do in life? To win praise and applause? No. To sacrifice? But how? I do not know yet.

*

The whole world carries to us the message of love and forbearance. The stars above and the grass below, they

all tell of peace, of love, of gentle dealing, of patient charity, of goodwill.

The transcendental star and the lowly grass, in the scheme of Nature, work in harmony. And so should we.

The high and the low, the great and the small, the idle and the industrious, should work in blessed union and love, helping and directing one another.

Dear brother, merging all difficulties and distractions in our common love, we should work conjointly for one another in affectionate union.

*

Like the birds of the air and beasts of the field, let me sing, inarticulate, my hymn to the Creator who sent the sun and the dawn.

* * *

Hiranand loved the young : he loved the poor : and he loved silence. The poets and prophets of Sind have sung of the Kingdom of Silence,—an Inner Kingdom. A servant of that Kingdom was Hiranand. He taught that India would be rebuilt not in shouts and shows but in silence and sacrifice.

Where is he today? His School,—the "Union Academy,"—inspired by the ideal of union, fellowship, service, love, is, today, in the hands of those to whom his Ideal is but a dead word of a dead past, not the living flame of a living soul.

Nor do I see Hiranand in many of the Schools of dear Bharata. They are no longer haunted by the dream and inspiration of India as she was in the day when she communed with the Life Divine.

Where art thou, Hiranand? I seek thee in the voices of the woodlands and the rays of the dawn and the songs of compassion and love, sung on the banks of the Sindhu and the Ganges and the Jamuna, as they pour on broken hearts.

A PROPHET OF THE POOR

It was twilight. The shades of eve were falling fast, when I called on Jamshed to get his blessing. I was to leave Pakistan the next day. Sad within me was my heart. Parting was painful. "Farewell to thee, my homeland!" I whispered the words in my heart, and my eyes were touched with tears.

With a saddened heart I entered the spacious room wherein sat, in brooding silence, beloved Jamshed,—beloved of many hearts. He had aged fast. His hair was growing silvery white. His voice had become weak : his heart was sad. "One by one they go," he said, "my friends and comrades : they go and I am left alone!"

I had known Jamshed in other days. Jamshed then had looked for beauty and joy in the world around him. I had known him gazing at flowers until their beauty became part of his heart, and he gave it back in the form of a smile or a loving word or beautiful thought or silent prayer. I had known him listening to a bird : the song was to him a message from the Master, and Jamshed would give it back in the love he poured upon the poor, the neglected and the sick. Jamshed's soul absorbed beauty and joy. Yet looking at his dear face, that evening, I felt there was loneliness in his heart.

On leaving him I felt the thread of his life was being snapped. His eyes were radiant with a strange unearthly light. I bowed to him with love and reverence. I had not the strength for many words. My throat was choked with emotion, my heart was heavy and, leaving his room, I said :—"Farewell to thee, O prophet of the poor!"

They looked up to him as their Father and their Friend,

their Guardian and their God! None knows of the extent of his charities. He gave and kept no memory of his gifts. He gave and forgot all about it. He gave in love to the poor : he gave in reverence for the widow and the orphan.

The Lyari Quarter in Karachi was inhabited by thousands of poor Muslims. These rough men,—mostly labourers,—surrounded him in large numbers, one day. He saw how poor they were,—poor, illiterate. With deep compassion in his heart, he gave one rupee to every one. The crowd went on swelling. They clamoured for more and more : and this gentle servant of the poor went on giving. His hand was never tired in well-doing. Sometimes, one felt, it was the hand of Kubera,—the God who gives and gives and ever gives!

India has, today, many distinguished men. I know of not one among them whom I could compare with dear Jamshed in compassionate love for the poor. His religion was compassion. The last days of his life were clouded with sorrow. But he never lost the faith of his heart. He continued to serve the sad and stricken ones : and he served with utter selflessness.

Jamshed was one of the humblest men I have known. His faith in Humanity never wavered. His love for the poor never flagged. His reverence for the simple folk, who lived in the village and the broken cottage, never dimmed. He served them all with faith in Eternal Goodness. Jamshed was like the Kohinoor : hold him to the light, and from each facet is reflected brilliant colour.

His voyage came to its end when he was 66. The news came to me in my exile from Beloved Sind, and I exclaimed :—"Jamshed ! thou hast passed away young. Sind hath need of thee! India, too!"

Some years ago, an Englishman,—a Buddhist in faith and a lover of the East,—met Jamshed in Karachi and said :—"I met the greatest man that I met in India. He took my joined hands of salute in his and held them for a moment to his forehead. Then he smiled, as few men smile, in a greeting and blessing beyond all words. He radiated, as very few men that I have known, an aura of peace and inner enlightenment. If ever a man was Christ-like, it is he."

I count Jamshed among the great men,—among the greatest men,—of modern India. Socrates said he was not of Athens but of the world. Jamshed was not of Karachi alone but of India : not of India but of Humanity. He revered Zarathustra,—the spiritual Leader of his ancestral faith,—but, also, Jesus and Krishna, Buddha and Chaitanya, Nanak and Kabir, The Gita, I know, was dear to him as much as the "Gathas" of the Parsi Faith and the "New Testament" and the "Al-Koran" and the "Holy Granth."

Jamshed's genius was a tree whose branches spread to all religions and races, to the pure ones and the true ones,—the sages and the lovers,—of every land and time. To come near him was to feel that his life was rich in the fragrance of the rose. On one occasion I spoke of him as a "saint," and I recalled the words of a Sufi singer and seer :—"The true saint goes in and out amongst the people, and eats and sleeps with them, and buys and sells in the market, and takes part in social intercourse,—and never forgets God for a single moment."

Jamshed was a big businessman : but he spent the riches of his purse in the service of the poor. Jamshed was elected nine times as the Mayor of Karachi. He was the President of the Rishi Dayaram College Board. He was a member of the Mira School Board : and he blessed the

School by presiding at an annual function of the Institution. His talk to teachers and students will not be easily forgotten.

Near to him in thought and love were the poor and needy: he served them day and night. His heart was a healer : his face was full of kindness and love. St. Teresa beheld the Lord walking "among the pots and pans." To Brother Lawrence God spoke "amid the clatter and confusion of the kitchen." Brother Jamshed beheld God walking among the poor and lowly of the Lyari Quarter, Karachi. Born amidst wealth and comfort, he learnt to renounce luxury, to live on simple food, and wear simple clothes. Like Kagawa in Japan, Jamshed loved to be with the poor and glorified God as a servant of the simple, the lowly and the lost.

In a Jewish scripture we read that when the Egyptians were plunged in suffering, some angels wanted to sing a hymn, but God said to them :—"My children suffer : how can you sing?" Jamshed saw the poor starving and suffering : and he renounced luxury and comfort : he spent his wealth in the service of the poor. I know not how many students he helped with money to receive higher education. Many of them wept bitterly when the news came to them that the great benefactor of the student-community had passed away.

In the tragedy and tears of the forlorn and needy spake to Jamshed the one who is the "Friend of the Poor" :—"Go and serve them and give comfort to their broken hearts." Into their dark slums he went and gave them what they needed,—food and clothes and light and love. His "Daily Prayer" gives us the key to his map of daily life :—

O Lord !
Make me useful :

Make me harmless :
Make me pure :
And make me
A channel of Thy Love !

The deepest aspiration of his life, indeed, was to be a "channel of God's love."

Compassion,—was the secret of Jamshed's life. At the age of fourteen, he saw the agony of a cow being dragged to a slaughter-house, and he forthwith gave up meat-eating. He became a "vegetarian." Jamshed, a Brother of the poor, became a Brother of the bird and the beast.

The Sage of China, Laotse, said :—

To become full, be hollow !
Be simple that thou mayst be renewed !
Show not thyself, and thou wilt be seen everywhere !
Boast not, and thou wilt succeed !
Be not proud, and thou wilt win !
Be humble, and none under heaven can contend thee !

These are words of truth,—I said to myself, when I saw Jamshed.

Of Jesus we are told, the very first words he spake, every morn, to those who had the world's goods, were :—Give! Give!" Jamshed gave, always gave. He gave to those who were in need,—not thinking of their caste, creed or colour. He gave as, in Beloved Sind gave over a generation ago, Rishi Dayaram Gidumal.

The Rishis taught that by harming another, man perished at the root, but by giving he grew in the life which was life indeed : he grew God-like! To this great truth Jamshed bore witness in his daily life.

How deep was his love for India and the cause of India's freedom, I began to realise one day, when he pleaded for *swaraj* at a meeting of the Congress Committee, Karachi. That was many years ago. I happened to preside at the meeting. His few, simple words deeply impressed me. "We want freedom, *swaraj*?" he asked. "The way to freedom," he said, "is,—we must do our duty!" And I recalled the words of the great statesman who said :—"Liberty is a word of infinite responsibility."

Jamshed loved India : but political freedom was not to him an end in itself. Political freedom was to Jamshed a means to a new Unity,—a richer unification of India on the basis of a New Brotherhood,—a Brotherhood of man and bird and beast,—a Brotherhood, too, of nations and races and religions,—a Brotherhood of East and West. A builder of the birdge of such a brotherhood was beloved Jamshed.

Beautiful was Jamshed's love for little children. He spoke to them and loved to hear them, and mingled with them as one of them with love in his beautiful heart!

His mind, his character and his life were shaped by two persons, rich in the life of the spirit,—Annie Besant and Krishnamurti. Great was Beloved Jamshed's love for the Gita : and his "Gita Class" in Karachi attracted not a few of the cultured men and women in diverse communities. The central thought of the Gita he expressed in the words :—"True happiness is within yourselves!"

Has not Krishnamurti, too, taught the same truth? Yes, hidden in the Heart is the Holy of holies. As precious stones lie deep in the Earth, so deep in the Heart within is He, the Master of all masters. Only cure thyself of the conceit of little knowledge. Only purify thyself,—thy mind and heart,—of the illusion of the "ego," the illusion of "I" and thou wilt find that within thee shines the Beloved!

It was Jamshed's great privilege to build for the people a New Karachi. With singular courage and sacrifice, Jamshed, like his spiritual mother, Annie Besant, served the people and earned the blessings of thousands of men and women in Sind. Like her, he,—Beloved Jamshed,—held high the banner of the wisdom of the Rishis. His talks on the "Bhagavad Gita" were an expression of the deep reverence he had for Sri Krishna. In one of the Hindu scriptures, we read that he who serveth the poor in love is truly blessed, for in his heart the Lord Himself doth come to sing. The heart of such a man becomes a singing heart. To hear Jamshed's talks on the "Gita" was to feel that it was a heart filled with the song of the Lord. Did Sri Krishna come to sing in his heart?

Rich in reverence was Jamshed's heart to Gandhi. Was not Gandhi a servant of the poor,—a brother, a burden-bearer of millions in this ancient land? It is impossible for me to forget the words Gandhi uttered :—"I would rather be torn to pieces than disown the poor, my brothers and sisters." Jamshed, like Annie Besant, like Mahatma Gandhi, was a servant of the poor. And he wanted India to be a servant of Humanity.

This day, sacred to Jamshed's memory, I bow to him with love and reverence in my heart. And remembering the words of an Eastern sage, I exclaim :—"Thy life, beloved Brother! was a life of a hundred songs, a life of a thousand benedictions. And the secret of thy singing heart was :—Feed the hungry, serve the poor, bless the forlorn and gins the sacred Name!"

MEMORIES

[1]

At The Poet's Shrine

The days have vanished and yet, perhaps, the weekly wakes on Friday nights at his Shrine give out, at times, a little flash, a mystic hint of what the great Poet,—the greatest poet,—of Sind has meant to multitudes. For two centuries men and women have been moved by his songs : they have been a solace in suffering and a strength and joy to many in the race of life. What heart-thrilling songs of sorrow! What tender lyrics of humility, aspiration and love!

The Shrine of the Poet is at Bhit. It is named after him: we call it Bhit Shah. The word "Bhit" means "sand-hill" : Bhit is built on sand-hills. It is become a holy shrine. It draws crowds on Fridays. In silence they meet there still to sing and to listen to the Poet's songs.

Half a century ago, when the greatest man of modern Sind,—Rishi Dayaram Gidumal,—visited Bhit and kept a vigil there, he found himself in company with about a hundred men, women and children. Bigger crowds are drawn there, today. I found myself in a crowd of about a thousand men, women and children. Rich folk were not there : I saw peasants and labourers, workers, tillers of the soil, simple folk, gentle and quiet, strong in faith, humble and reverent. My soul craved for a deeper silence than I found in the wide courtyard : but when I heard the fakir, bearded and bold, sounding in rhythmic resonance the word "Allahu," chanted to the accompaniment of decorated stringed instruments, my heart was thrilled.

The next morn I could see Bhit better. It is a village now : the people are simple. The house of the Pir (Muslim head) is modern in style. The bazar has tea-shops fitted up with modern gramophones : their noise ill-accorded with the tranquil look of the village-folk. Bhit is not without a charm of nature. Tall trees grow in several places, and the place is close to the Kirar Lake. There is a tradition that Shah Latif helped to build with his own hands the village of Bhit Shah. There, too, is his father's tomb: Habib Khan died in 1742 and was buried in Bhit. At Bhit, too, the Poet passed away,—a few years later. From his solitude he came. He washed himself. He put on a white sheet. He asked his disciples to sing his songs. As they ceased and the music came to a close, he entered into *samadhi* : the Poet passed on in silence. Is not the death of a true Poet communion with the Eternal?

I saw the imposing tomb which enshrines his body. The tomb was erected at the expense of Ghulam Shah Kalhoro,—the Ruler of Hyderabad,—in 1754. I wished I had seen, too, the relics of the Poet still preserved at Bhit,—his turban, his long stick (he used it when walking), a piece of cloth he wore and the bowl of coconut husk from which he ate and drank.

And I gazed, again and again, at the mud-house in which he lived. Thoughts thronged in my mind. And to me this Sindhi poet of the eighteenth century seemed superior to Shakespeare, the English poet of the eighteenth century. Shakespeare, I know, has been idolised by his countrymen. We in Sind have not yet paid our debt of gratitude to our Poet. We never can pay it. Shakespeare was, doubtless, a great poet. Shah Latif was not only a great poet but, also, a great mystic,—a saint. Shakespeare was a singer and an actor but he was not,—as Shah Latif was,—a man of self-realisation. Alexander Pope, being asked why Shakespeare wrote his plays, said :—"One must eat!"

Shah Latif sang his lyrics and stories out of the fullness of his soul. Shakespeare returned every day from the stage to his home in Stafford : but he did "mischief on the way,"—says a modern critic; "for always he stopped at Mrs. Davenant's inn at Oxford and finally left behind him there a son who never complained of his paternity!" In Shakespeare you find colour, riot, excess, unrestrained passion, a mint of phrases,—yes, and energy, but not aspiration to the Eternal! Despair was in the heart of Shakespeare,—despair and melancholy : but in the heart of Shah Latif was the hope that springs forever in the human heart, was the faith of prophet, was the vision of a sage, was the joy of a saint!

Sing ye the praise of Him who still doth heal:
The True One He : and Him within you feel!

What a note of hope in these words of Shah Latif! A higher note is in the following words :—

In th' stormy sea of life not one as yet
With "I" as guide his feeble foot doth set!

"Allahu! Allahu!" The music of the mystic chant I heard at Friday's vigil at Bhit rings again, sings again in my ears. And in reverence I bow down to the Poet-Saint and ask :—"He did so much for us. What have we done for him?"

[2]

Brother Bhagwansing

He was a paper-merchant. He lived a busy life. He was a man of very few words. Wonderful was his love for his Community. The longing in his heart grew from more to more :—"May I an offering to my People be!"

Sudden was his departure. He left practically all he

had,—twenty lakhs of rupees,—as a Trust for the service of the poor and sick, for the help and healing of the widow, the orphan and the student community. He built cheap houses for middle-class men,—a bundle of cares and anxieties.

He believed in the power of prayer : and he built for men and women a House of Prayer. In the early hour of the dawn, I have heard in their music and their songs the great Guru's message of healing to broken and bleeding hearts.

"Our deeds are our children," writes George Eliot in her great novel named *Romola*. Sri Bhagwansing had no child of his own : his "deeds" were his children. They sing his message to us still,—the message of brotherhood, the message of service and sacrifice. Grateful is the Mira School to him and Rami Devi (his wife) for the donation of rupees one lakh and a half received from the "Basantsing Amil Dharmada Trust," for the service of the Sindhi student community.

From time to time, I looked at his gentle, aspiring face, and I said to myself :—"Here is a man devoid of worldly ambition but filled with the aspiration to dedicate his life to the great Gurus!" He believed in their spiritual presence and living influence.

Sri Bhagwansing was a graduate of the University of Bombay, but was free from the pride of "intellectuals." He was a *bhakta* of God. Brain-power was in him blended with reverence and love.

Rich in lessons is his life to us all,—a life dedicated to the service of the poor and lowly. Was not his life consumed away, candle-like, at the lotus-feet of Guru Nanak Dev? Did not beloved Bhagwansing behold Him with the eye of the Heart? Sri Ramakrishna was never tired of telling his disciples that the *yoga* suited to the modern age,—an age of haste and hurry, of stress and storm,—was the *yoga* of *bhakti*. And when they asked him :—"Master! give us an analysis

of *bhakti*," he said :—"Its elements are these three :—love, devotion and surrender."

Sri Bhagwansing's "deeds" are his "children." Yet more real are his "dreams,"—of the True, the Good, the Beautiful. May his "dreams" live in many hearts!

[3]

The Vision Of Mirza

A great German thinker, Treitschke, many years ago, asked:—"When has a small nation ever produced in art and poetry a masterpiece ?" Sind is a small state. And yet, I may truly say, Sind has produced, in poetry, lyrical singers like Shah Latif and Sachal, Bedil and Bekas, Sa'mi and Rohal. Their masterpieces live to inspire an increasing number. And I believe the day may come, when their masterpieces may be translated into Indian and Western languages to reach lovers of art and literature.

Mirza Kalich Beg was one of the early interpreters of the thought of Sindhi poets. His book on Shah Latif was, perhaps, the first study of that great Sindhi poet. Kalich Beg was a lover of Sindhi culture. He made contributions to Sindhi literature at once in prose and poetry. His book, *Lughat Latifi*, is one of my favourite reference books in Sindhi literature. His book, *Precious Pearls*, was one of our text books in Sindhi. Kalich Beg was a student of Persian and Arabic, of Urdu and English. And he enriched Sindhi literature with treasures borrowed from these languages.

It is difficult for me to forget the first visit of this distinguished Sindhi scholar and poet. I was presiding at a Social Conference in the Holmstead Hall, Hyderabad-Sind. The programme of the day had not proceeded far when he entered the hall. I got up to receive him and greet him in the name of the Conference. For the first time I exchanged

with him a few words. My impression of him is still fresh in my memory. He was a shy man and he was a man of humility and I felt, too, he was a man who was at home with the simple folk.

A Muslim writer of our days, referring to Mirza Kalich Beg, calls him a Sufi. Who is a true Sufi? He who believes in unity and in love. The spirit of union is the spirit of the true Sufi,—the spirit of union and fellowship. Mirza Kalich Beg in this spirit moved amongst men and had friendship with Sadhu Hiranand and Rishi Dayaram. Those were blessed days when we saw in Sind brotherhood of some Hindus and some Muslims, deep spiritual brotherhood which believed that creeds were broken reeds and rites were often snares which entangled men in fights, and that the abiding spirit of true life was the spirit of unity and love. "We are put on earth a little space that we may learn to bear the beams of love," rightly says the great poet, Blake.

Sometimes, going through some of the early poems of Kalich Beg, I have said to myself :—"There must have been fire in the heart of this man." Yes,—in some of his poems there is fire, an expression of the fire in his heart. For the spirit of union is fire. Fire transforms that which is united with it into fire.

In a world full, alas! of hate and folly, of cruelty and sectarian strife, today, is there not urgent need of men, simple men, humble men, men of true spiritual fire in their hearts ? And as I survey the situation of the world, today, I cry, again and again, a lonely cry to God :—"O Lord! give us men, in Sind, in India, in East and West,—true men, humble men, men with fire in their hearts !" One such man, I love to think, was the *complete* Kalich, whom we have yet to know. To him I bow with love and humility in my heart. Blessed be his memory. And may his work bear fruit in the days to be !

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